

We chide . . .

. . . divide

. . . deride

. . . abide

CLOSE

DONNY

GRADUATION

DOONESBURY

. . . and
(poetically)
ride

ENCOUNTERS

& MARIE

PICTURES

trend . . .

SKATEBOARDS

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deal!)

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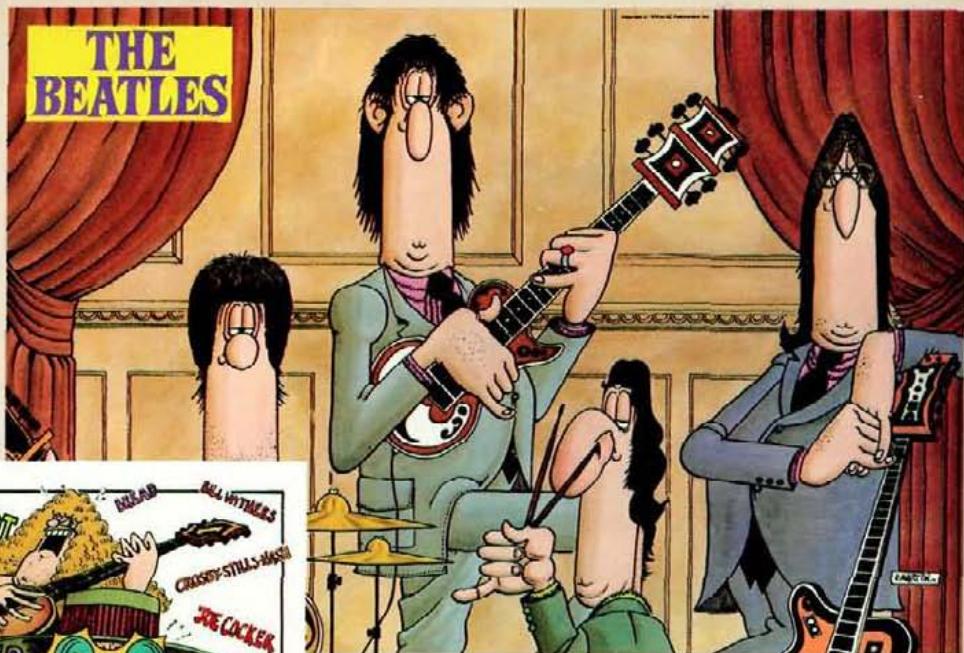
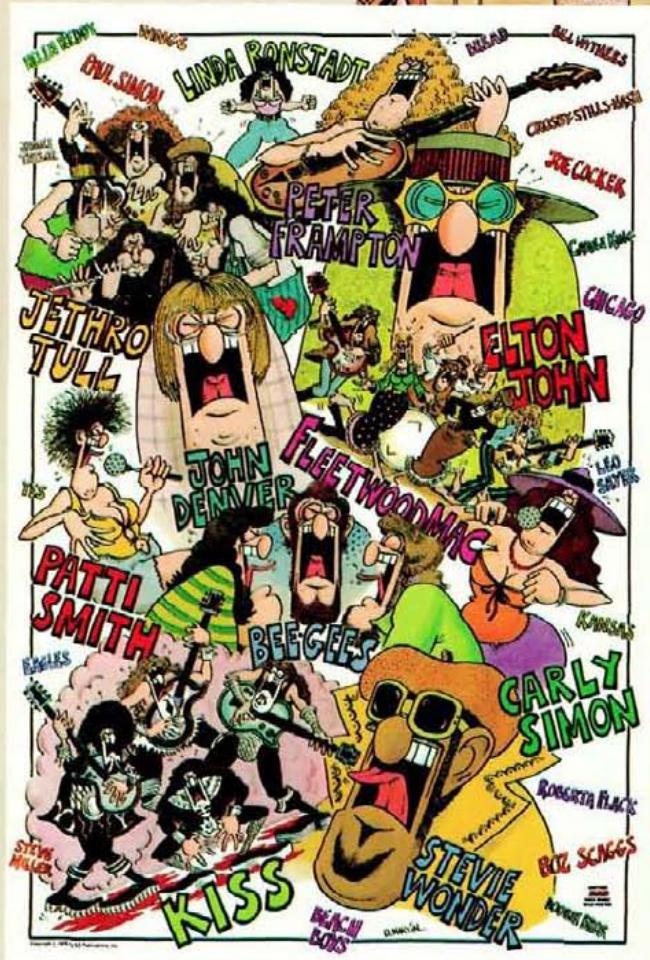
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CAN YOU
DRAW ME?

If You Can, You May
Have A Great Career
Ahead Of You!



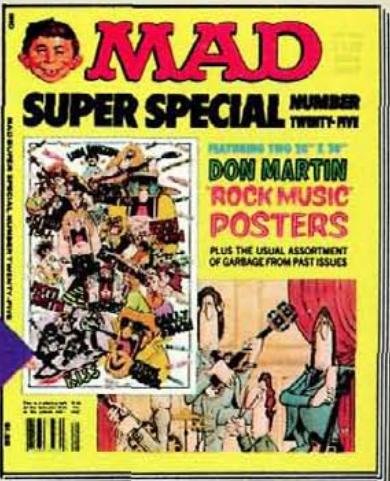
THEY'RE OFF THE WALL!

AND YOU CAN HANG
THEM ON YOUR WALL!



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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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WHY KILL YOURSELF?



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CLEANED OUT!

Yep, we cleaned out our stockroom, and found millions more of these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid. They're swell for framing, wrapping fish or lining the bottoms of bird cages. They're not so swell for selling, as we've found out. So, c'mon. Help us to clean them out for good by sending 35¢ for one, 75¢ for 3, \$1.85 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81. Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



COMPUTER DISPUTER COVER

I enjoyed your front cover on #198. It's about time somebody cut down those disgusting UPC symbols, the blemishers of every product you see!

Anthony Milanese
Gibbstown, N.J.

I love the way you guys get back at people who force things like the "Universal Products Code" upon you. Just the thought of defacing your great cover with this symbol makes me UPChuck.

Alan Daughton
Syracuse, N.Y.

Everybody with eyes hates that UPC symbol. Since I collect magazine cover art from way back, I find it particularly distressing. It reduces everything to supermarket level.

Ken Anger
New York, N.Y.

Did you ever stop to think that maybe your yechy cover will be defacing the UPC symbol from now on?

William Rooney
Notre Dame, Ind.

"THE DIP"

"The Dip" made me drown in a sea of laughter.

Eve Deem
Daytona Beach, Fla.

Hart and Drucker really went off "The Deep" end. Is anything worth the terror of their "Dip"?

Paul Smith
Sarnia, Ont.,
Canada

Liked your "sequel"! Mark O'Neill
Crestwood, N.Y.

ADVANCEMENT OF HUMOR

I'm very pleased with your advancement in humor. I appreciate what you're doing to make the world a little happier.

Roxy Corlino
Westfield, N.J.

WHEN THE "UPC" SYMBOL TAKES OVER

I truly pine for the old-time "Mom & Pop" grocery stores whenever that malevolent UPC symbol reminds me that "Big Brother is watching!" the store.

Fran Bojar
Kearny, N.J.

Regarding Henry Clark's "When The UPC Symbol Takes Over Completely", the man's an innovative genius.

Barbara J. Keiler
Chico, Calif.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES CATALOGUE

"School Supplies Catalogue" was very educational. You did, however, neglect to mention that the "Arctic Knight" gym showers, which filter out all hot and lukewarm water, channel that water directly to the drinking fountains. Mary Moad
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Congrats to Tom Koch and Bob Clarke on "School Supplies". After great effort, I managed to acquire a copy of the Cincinnati School Board Supply Listings. An exact duplicate! However, you did forget unlightable Bunsen burners.

Greg Gast
Cincinnati, Ohio

Koch and Clarke forgot those metal-tipped, top-heavy, thoroughly unwieldy window poles that often bring down a shower of glass on some poor, straining Window Monitor.

Karen Carbone
Whitman, Mass.

It looks like my school bought *all* of the items!

Jim McDermott
Wantagh, N.Y.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE SYSTEM

"You Can't Beat The System" really hit home with me. I moved to Chicago six months ago and have been turned down repeatedly when I apply for credit cards to local stores. The reason: I don't have a sufficient credit record in Chicago, but obviously can't build a credit rating until I obtain some credit cards!

Judy Spira
Chicago, Ill.

AROUND NOON ON A MOVIE SET

Don Martin's "Around Noon On A Movie Set" was very hard to swallow!

Rick Dunlap
Park Forest, Ill.

Was the actress in Don Martin's "Around Noon On A Movie Set" an appetizer?

Lane Timmons
Baldwin Park, Calif.

MAD ONE-TIME-USE-PRODUCTS

What a match-up in Porges and Jaffee. A writer-artist collaborating with an artist's artist-writer's writer. Not to be a "One-Time-Use"!

Hames Ware
Pine Bluff, Ark.

"One-Time-Use Products" was the limit!

Laurence Abraham
Teaneck, N.J.

I think your "MAD One-Time-Use Products" article should also be put on the list of "One-Time-Use-Products".

Gwen Urdang
Providence, R.I.

LEGENDARY WIRE HANGERS

I was really hung up on "Some Legendary Wire Hangers".

Jill Southers
Encino, Calif.

BUS STATION CRIME

Don Martin's "One Evening In A Bus Station" was a real rip-off!

Greg Lamson
Agawam, Mass.
Rip Off?



TEN LITTLE BUSINESSMEN

Frank Jacobs' "Ten Little Businessmen" was regrettably realistic. May I add:

All the "Little Businessmen"
Who tried so hard to win,
Now stand in long employment lines
At Shell and IBM!

Andy Siedlecki
Dartmouth College
Hanover, N.H.

I never thought I'd write a serious letter to MAD but I read "Ten Little Businessmen" and I wanted to cry. It's an accurate picture of my beloved South Bronx, which I fled! All the grimy goings-on that culminated in it becoming a wasteland, where once there were dreams and hope.

Dorothy Parker
Levittown, Pa.

The "Ten Little Businessmen"
Was really quite profound;
City fathers, please take heed,
Or else we're ghetto bound!

John Rios
Los Angeles, Calif.

A WHALE OF A FOLD-IN

Happy to see Al Jaffee accentuated the fact that Japan and Russia were neck-to-neck in the race for depleting the number of whales, to the shame of the humane world. Maybe a subsequent Fold-In could show the recent winner of that race, Japan. Thanks to the slaughter of one thousand dolphins, close relatives of the whale, by Japanese fishermen, their country has finished first on both accounts!

Mary-beth Gadzik
New Britain, Conn.

We who love and respect whales are very grateful.

Chas Stevenson
Connecticut Cetacean Society
Avon, Connecticut

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- DON MARTIN Bounces Back
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- DON MARTIN's Captain Klutz
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- DON MARTIN Comes On Strong
- DON MARTIN Carries On
- DON MARTIN Steps Further Out
- DON MARTIN Forges Ahead
- DAVE BERG Looks at the U.S.A.
- DAVE BERG Looks at People
- DAVE BERG Looks at Things
- DAVE BERG Modern Thinking
- DAVE BERG Our Sick World
- DAVE BERG Looks at Living
- DAVE BERG Looks Around
- DAVE BERG Loving Look
- The All-New SPY vs. SPY
- SPY vs. SPY Follow Up File
- 3rd MAD Dossier of SPY vs. SPY
- 4th MAD Classified SPY vs. SPY
- A MAD Look at Old Movies
- Return of MAD Old Movies
- MAD-Vertising
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- Still More JAFFEE Snappy Answers
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- Aragones's MAD About MAD
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- MAD's Turned-On Zoo
- Clogs' Letters to MAD

MAD Stew

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BOFFO UFO DEPT.

How about a big budget science fiction flick about real people coming into contact with creatures from outer space? Just ordinary people like you and me . . . facing a

CLOUD ENCLAVE

How come we're working in such a foul wind???

One of the staff made a foolish mistake!

You mean the staff meteorologist, in predicting the weather?

No, the staff cook, in feeding the troops tacos and beans!

These planes were made by General Motors back in 1943! It's fantastic!

Yeah . . . that G.M. waited 35 years to finally recall them!

This old Mexican said he saw the sun come up in the middle of the night!

Really?! Hey, old man! Can we see that, too?

Si, Señor . . . eef you smoke what I am smoking!



totally new experience! Sounds like a fantastic idea, huh? Well, somehow, between the idea and the execution, something went wrong, and what they ended up with was

OUNTERS OF THE ABSURD KIND

TWA Flight 7 just reported sighting the lights of a UFO! This is really amazing!

What is? That we've got the UFO on our radar screens?

No . . . that we've got all these radar screens and computers and radios and flashing lights and Flight Controllers here in this little airport in Indianapolis where they've got, maybe, seven take-offs and landings a week!

Shall we tell the newspapers that a plane spotted the lights of a U F O.?

No . . . we don't want to alarm the public! They might lose their confidence in air travel!

Let's tell them something else!

Like the pilot saw the lights because he was stoned!

Ah! Good thinking!



I—I don't believe it! I just don't believe it!

What, Mommy . . . that my toys are working all by themselves??!

I just don't believe that your toys are WORKING . . . period! They only do that in the commercials on TV!

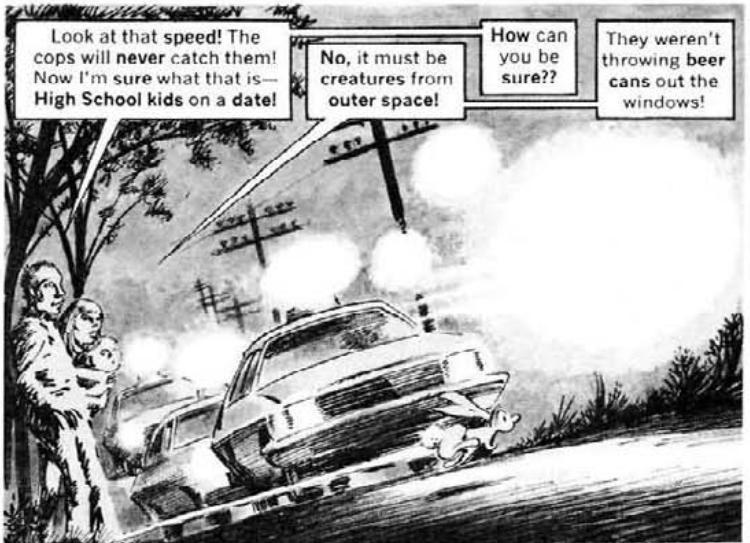
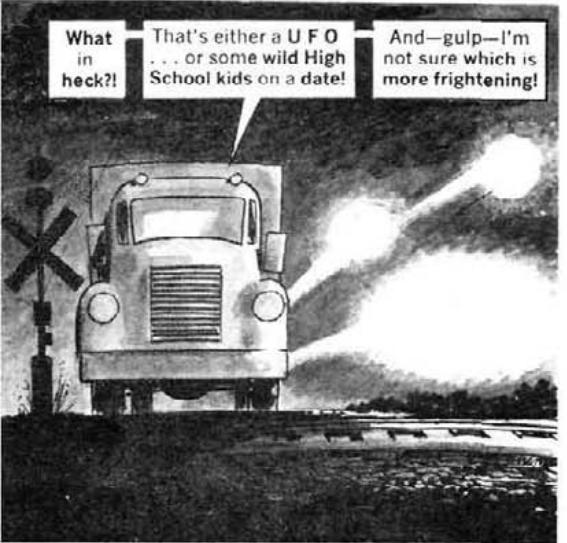
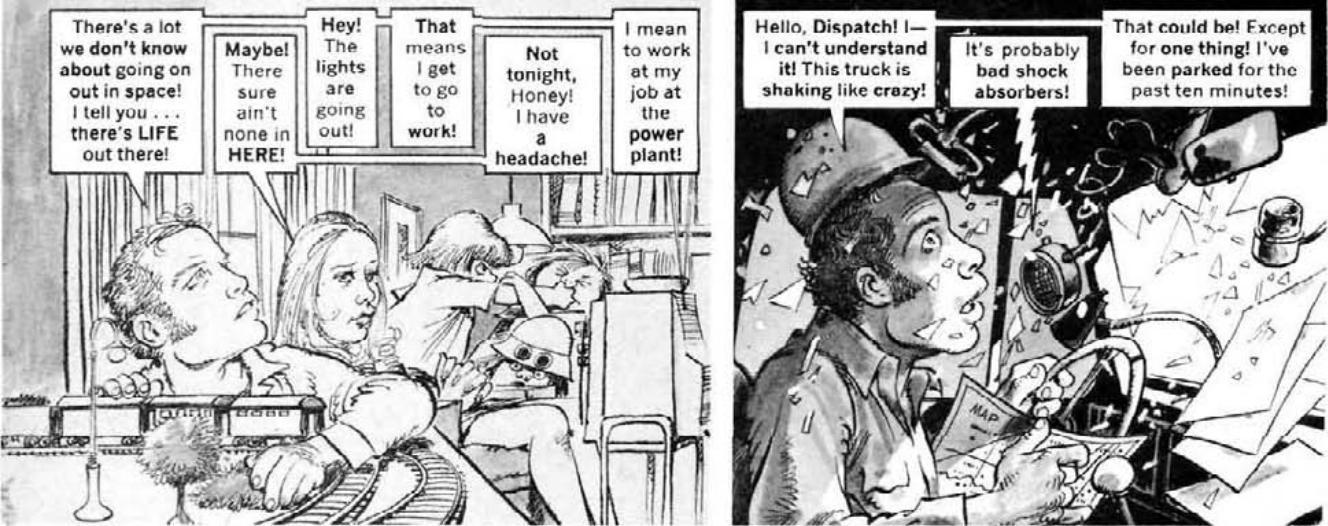
Barium . . . ! What are you doing? Where are you going?

Something is calling me . . . ! Something very, very far away!

It's terrible how your son keeps running away so often!

What's worse is he keeps coming back!







Why are we in India? What are all these people doing?

They heard some strange musical tones ... coming from ze air!

But why did they come to this spot?! There's no shelter from the scorching sun ... nothing to drink ... no toilet facilities ... and they can't possibly see where the music is coming from!

They thought eet was a Rock Concert!



I've got it! Look! If we convert those tones they heard in India into numbers and letters, we get "G-47" ... "N-33" ... "O-72" and "B-12"!!!

Ah-hah! Zat is eet! Zat is eet! Mon dieu, we haft intercepted an inter-galactic "Bingo" game!

No, I think they're global coordinates! Someone ... or some thing from outer space is trying to arrange a meeting with us somewhere!



Beep!
Boop!
Bing!
Bong!

What are you doing, Barium?

Dopey kid! You'll outgrow all your silly fantasies by the time you're sixteen—which—unfortunately, is next year!

I'm calling all my friends on the space ship out there ...



There! I've blocked out all the light!

You'll be all right now, Barium!

Barium? Barium? Don't be frightened! You can talk now!

Not ... quite! You're standing on my throat!

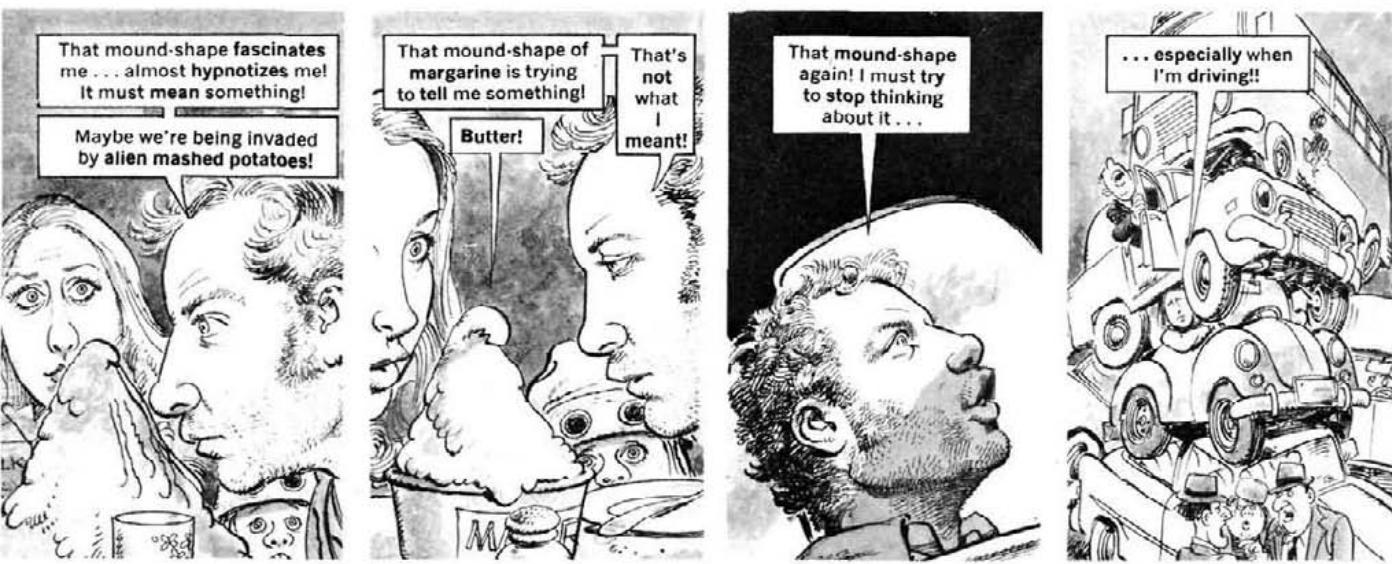


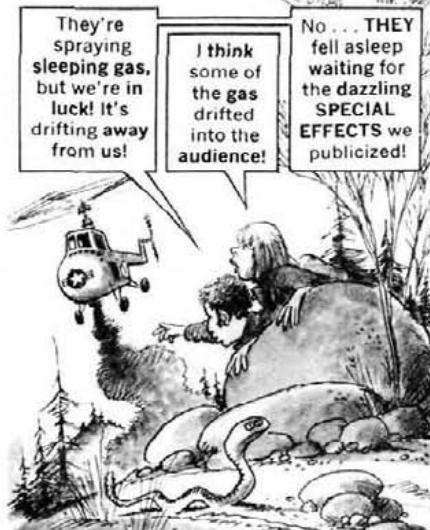
Goodbye, Mommy! I'm going away ...

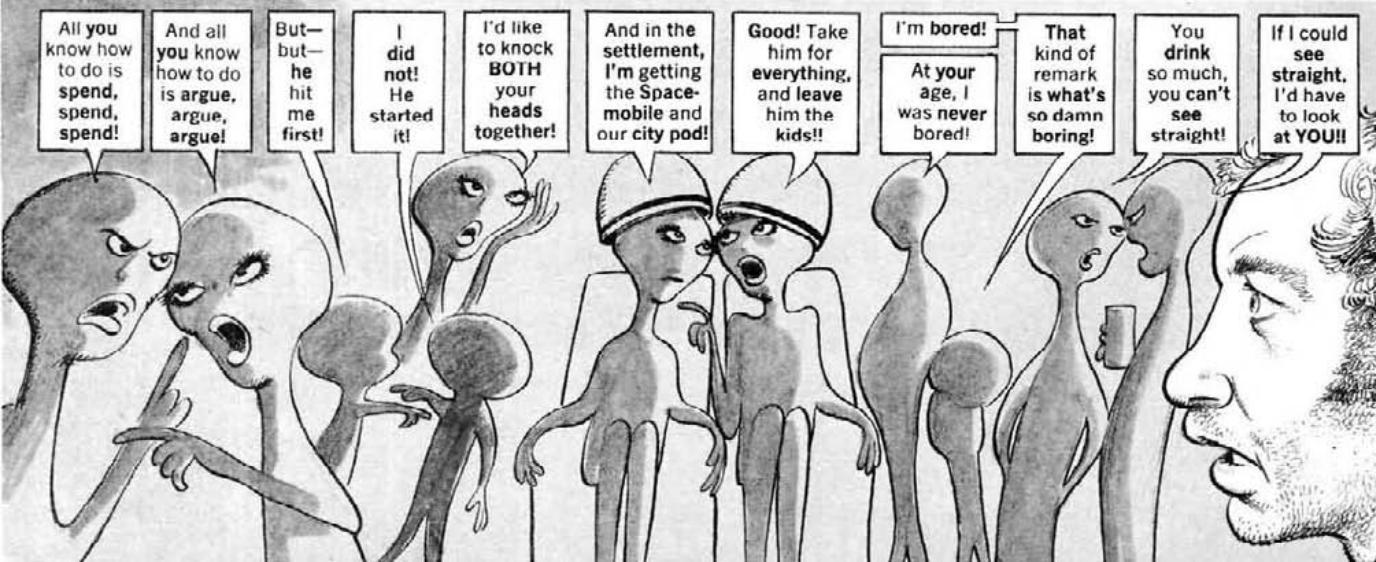
No! NO!! I won't let them take you! I won't!

Why not ... ?? You haven't cleaned your room yet!!











THE RIME OF THE MODERN SKATEBOARDER

(With apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner")

Written by Tom Koch Illustrated by Don Martin



He was a wild-eyed skateboard freak;
He stoppeth one of three.

"I've slalomed all through hell," he said.
"That's where I skinned my knee."

He freestyle up the wall and back;
Then, crouching on his board,

He launched into his ghastly tale,
While those around him snored.



"It started at a Skatepark near
My California home.
'Twas there I met two kindred souls,
Big Stan and Small Jerome.

"The three of us all shared the dream
Of learning far-out tricks
Like tail-taps and three-sixty turns
To help us score with chicks.



"Six days a week we practiced on
The Skatepark's asphalt deck.
(The seventh day, I washed my hair
And cashed my welfare check.)

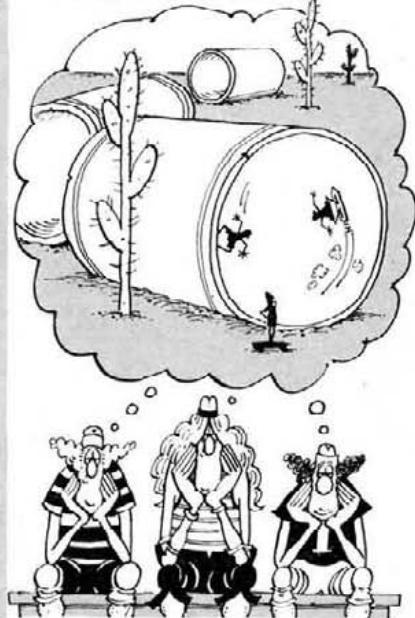
"In time, we three had learned to do
The One-Wheel Pirouette;
And then we stopped to marvel that
No girls had noticed yet.

"Said Stan, 'I fear these hot-dog tricks
Will never land a dame.
So why not try for second best:
The Skateboard Hall of Fame?'



"The Hall of Fame!!? We'd seen its plaques,
And knew its honored types
Were those who'd dared to skate inside
Of giant, hollow pipes.

"Two stories high, those lengths of pipe
Loom o'er the desert floor,
Abandoned there by thirst-crazed men
Who'd passed that way before.



"To reach them, you must slog through sand
A hundred miles from town.
Still worse, when skating in a pipe,
You're often upside down.

"This prospect panicked Small Jerome,
Who asked, 'Why must we dare
To skate someplace we might get killed?'
Quoth Stan: 'Because it's there!'



"Such logic could not be denied.
It drove us forth to meet
The destiny that lurked there in
The hellish desert heat.

"To make our trip a sure success,
We packed our kits with care.
I brought the jelly sandwiches,
The plates and silverware.



"Stan brought some skateboard urethane
In case the wheels got hot.
Jerome said he'd bring water bags,
But somehow, he forgot.

"And so, our throats became more parched
With every passing day.
Worse yet, we found no pipes to skate.
We'd clearly lost our way.



"As time slipped by, our hopes grew dim
Of ever being found.
Then, suddenly, a gopher popped
Its head above the ground.

"'A good luck omen!' cried Big Stan,
And Small Jerome agreed:
'A gopher-powered skateboard is
The very thing we need.'



"A tiny treadmill soon was built
Where gopher paws could run.
We nailed it to our strongest board;
Then climbed on, one by one.

"Big Stan yelled, 'Mush!' The gopher strained.
I felt the skateboard start!
And as it moved, a giant weight
Was lifted from my heart.



"We all felt cheered, and foolishly
We laughed and joked and talked;
For we had yet to learn how slow
A weary gopher walked.



"Thus, I assumed my eyes played tricks
When on the seventh day,
A grizzled skateboard spook appeared,
And slalomed straight my way.

"His treadmill pace was soon a stroll;
Our motion all but ceased.
Half crazed, I screamed, 'You goldbrick, you!'
And then I killed the beast.



"'You fink! You've killed our good luck charm!'
I heard Big Stan emote,
While Small Jerome the gopher tied
Around my pulsing throat.

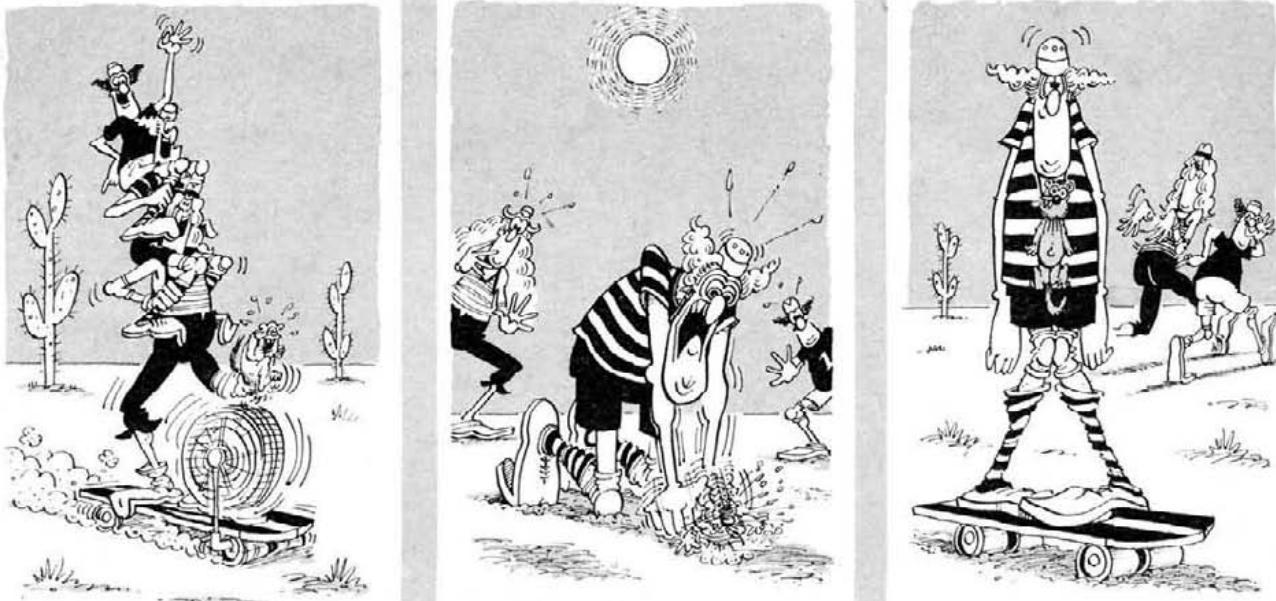


"I sensed he was no earthly thing,
For though his speed was great,
I saw his board had rusty wheels
From some old roller skate.

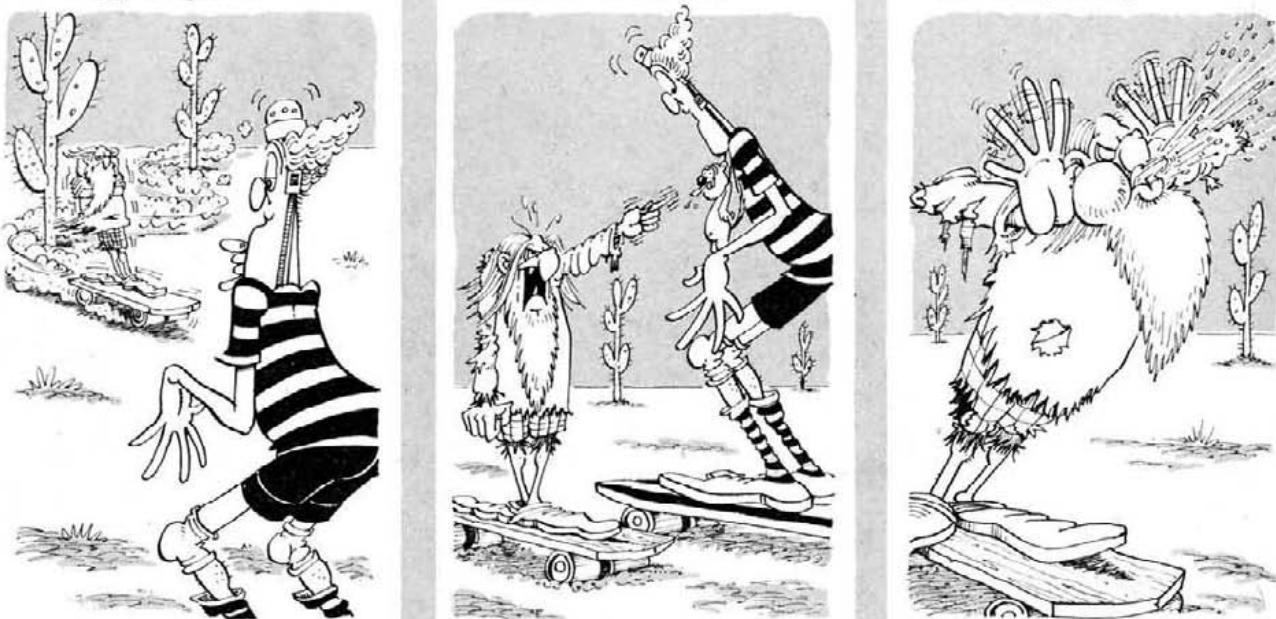


"His eyes were wild; his socks were torn;
His beard was long and fine.
Said he, 'That gopher 'round your neck
Was once a friend of mine.'

"My former friends then left me there.
Stan put their reason well:
'In summer weather such as this,
Dead gophers tend to smell.'



"Left with the skateboard all alone,
Time weighed upon my hands.
It's hard to practice wheelies 'mid
The shifting, whisp'ring sands.



"'You killed my pal!' he shrieked at me.
'For that, you'll dearly pay.
My ghostly curse will follow you
Until it's Judgement Day.'

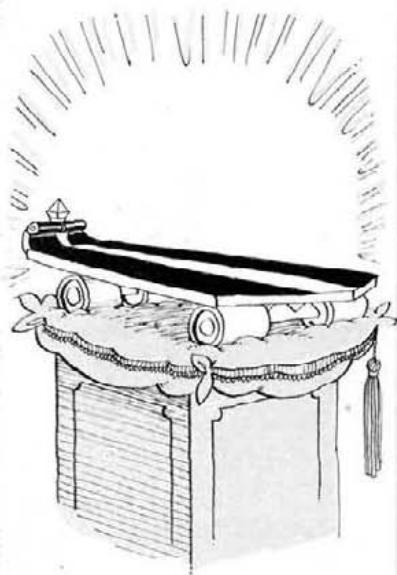
"He vanished, and I glumly thought
That things could not be worse.
Forever seemed like quite a while
To stay beneath a curse.

"I can't recall how long I'd walked
In mindless exercise
When far away, I thought I saw
A town of goodly size.



"It's only a mirage, I guessed.
No town could really be
In such a God forsaken spot.
Still, why not check and see?

"I won a million bucks that night,
And made a gambler's vow
To have the custom skateboard built
That stands before you now.



"Its wheels are made of diamond dust
Mixed in with urethane.
The trucks are cast of solid gold.
The kicktail's teakwood grain."

"To my surprise, the town was real.
I whooped with sheer delight
To see old broads in tennis shoes
Stand bathed in neon light.



"'I'm saved!' I screamed at one old dame.
'This place is Xanadu!'
Said she: 'Las Vegas is its name,
I'll bet you five-to-two.'

The skateboard freak then paused amid
The tale he'd come to tell;
And as he hugged his costly board,
One teardrop on it fell.



Spake he at last: "I still have times
When sorrow seizes me.
A guy gets glum to know he's cursed
For all eternity.

"The gopher I soon flung aside
To toast my change of fate.
Its body struck a roulette wheel,
And stopped on number eight.



"'You win!' I heard a voice call out.
'That's quite a clever play.'
And then I saw the man in charge
Push piles of chips my way.

"For though I've lived through my ordeal,
And ditched the gopher, too,
And have the finest skateboard known,
One thing still makes me blue.



"I'm doomed through life to tell my tale,
So ghastly and unreal.
If you've been bored to hear it once,
Just think how I must feel."

THAT OLD FAMILIAR STRAIN DEPT.

Pick up any popular magazine, and you're sure to find an article proclaiming, "Stress is the Number One health problem in the nation today! It can kill you!" Naturally, reading this statement causes you to suffer a lot more stress. But reading the rest of the article can push your blood pressure even higher, because the author invariably claims to have found some miraculous new thought process or life style that will enable you to escape from all of the pressures of daily existence. Who do these writers think they're kidding? They must take us for a bunch of idiots! Because, as anyone knows who lives in the real world of unending frustration and annoyance and fear . . .

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: TOM KOCH

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . having Tony Orlando and Dawn finally off weekly television offers absolutely no assurance that they won't soon be back.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . even after you've studied hard and memorized the answer to every possible exam question, you still have to worry that you may get sick and throw up before you can write enough stuff down to avoid flunking.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . Selective Service still keeps a file on every man who ever registered so they can all be drafted in case of a national emergency, but Lord only knows what the Pentagon considers a national emergency.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . you're constantly reminded that Steve Cauthen is more successful at the age of 17 than you'll probably be in your entire life.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . Carmelite nuns, Utah State football players, left-handed Volvo salesmen and Irish contraltos are all members of minority groups, and there's no telling which will become the next to turn militant.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . the world is made up of only two kinds of people: those who ride motorcycles, and those who have to listen to the people riding them.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . that brainy kid who won your sixth grade spelling bee is still out there, somewhere in this world . . . just waiting for another chance to make you look bad.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . ridding our society of all the substances that have been found to cause cancer in rats may just mean we'll soon be confronted by billions of robust, healthy rats.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . we'll have at least five more Presidential elections in which Teddy Kennedy will still be young enough to run, and by then we'll have to start worrying about David Eisenhower.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . buying a clock radio just means that you'll be jolted awake every morning by a grating disc jockey instead of a clanging bell or an irritating buzz.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . there's a chance that this will be the day when Ralph Nader denounces the cereal you always eat for breakfast as being "... a dangerous potential killer."

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . members of other racial groups may interpret the way you behave in their presence as being too hostile . . . or too patronizing . . . and either way, you're in big trouble.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . seeing how even Anita Bryant can become controversial makes you worry about your publicly expressed opinions of Ron Howard, Donny and Marie, Tom Seaver and Winnie the Pooh.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . commercial aviation is becoming safer at just about the same rate that your chances of getting to the airport alive are becoming almost negligible.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . every time you follow a highway flagman's signal, you know that you're putting your life in the hands of some high school drop-out who makes \$3.16 an hour.

YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE FROM STRESS BECAUSE . . .



. . . you strongly suspect that Idi Amin's broad smile, lavish promises and professed love of the common people could get him elected President here, too, if he ever decides to run.



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

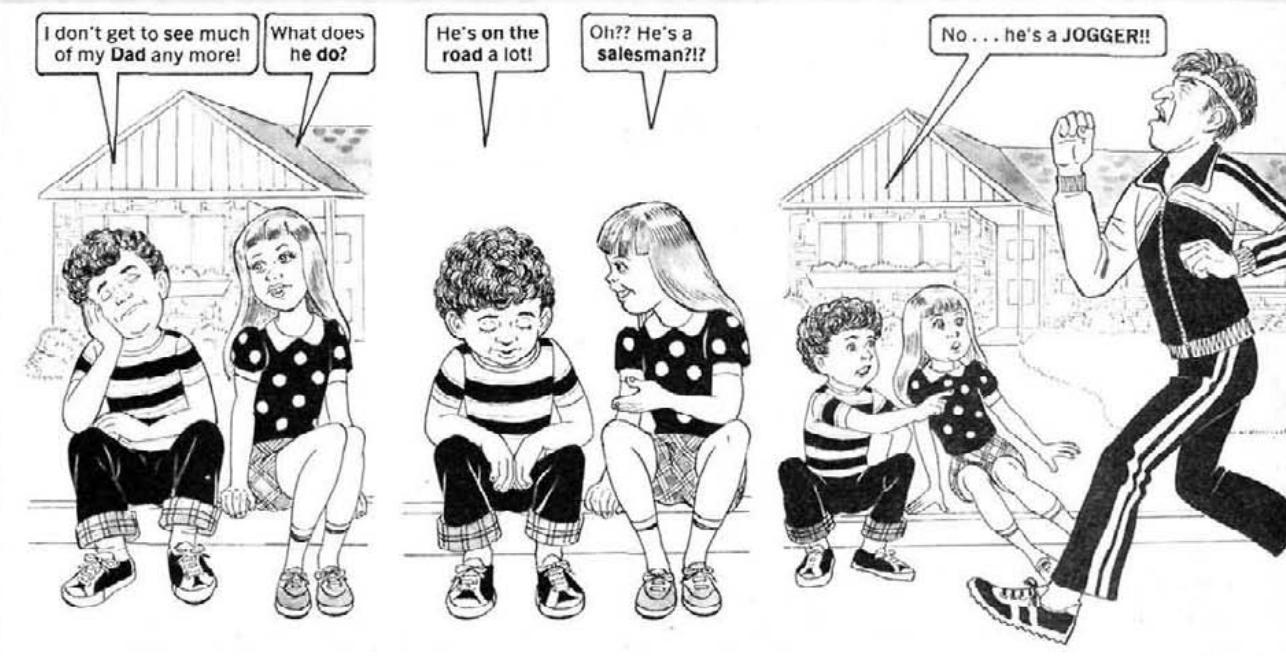
If Roger Kaputnik calls, I don't want to talk to him! If he comes to the house, before you slam the door in his face, tell him he's no longer welcome here!!

But Roger is the **BEST FRIEND** you have in this world! You've been buddies ever since you were kids!

I don't care! It's all over between us! He cheated me out of thousands of dollars! I lost out on the biggest real estate deal I ever had going for me!!

But . . . but it was **ONLY** a Monopoly Game!!





FADS FADS FADS FADS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVID BERG









Like this example most Graduating Class pictures are usually unexciting groupings of the subjects, lacking in creativity and void of inspiration. Which got us at MAD to thinking that it really doesn't have to be that way. Like f'rinstance, why not hire talented people to stage interesting interpretations of these usually deadly groupings? Like these



GRADUATING CLASS PICTURES

AS STAGED BY SOME OF THE WORLD'S BEST-KNOWN PICTURE-MAKERS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



BUSBY
BERKELEY

CECIL B.
De MILLE

JOHN
FORD

FEDERICO
FELLINI

ALFRED
HITCHCOCK

SAM
PECKINPAH

MEL
BROOKS

WOODY
ALLEN

STEVEN
SPIELBERG

BUSBY BERKELEY



CECIL B.



FEDERICO FELLINI



ALFRED H.



SAM PECKINPAH



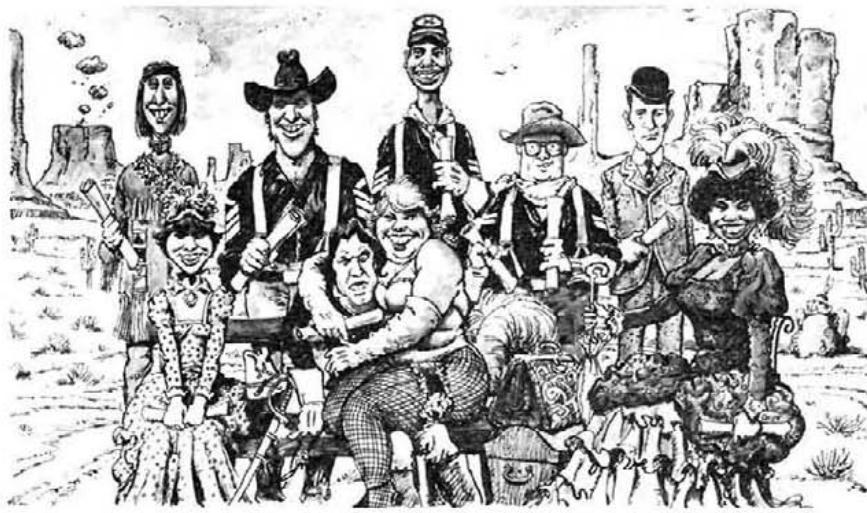
WOOD



DE MILLE



JOHN FORD



HITCHCOCK



MEL BROOKS



ALLEN



STEVEN SPIELBERG



TRIED AND TRUDEAU DEPT.

There's a new look to the comics, and the man most responsible for it is Gary Trudeau, the creator of

"Doonesbury". Thanks to Gary, more and more strips are becoming intellectual and cerebral and involved

...When Those "Old Li The New Wave, Cerebr

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

NANCY



REX MORGAN, M.D.





in the social issues of today. The old strips, however, stay the same as they were—with the same

stock situations and routines. Eventually, they'll have to get with it, and we'll see what happens . . .

"ne" Comic Strips Follow al "Doonesbury" Trend

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

DICK TRACY

I HATE OUR PERMISSIVE SOCIETY, JUNIOR. I ABHOR THE CODDLING OF CRIMINALS, SEEING THE MALEVOLENT MINORITY PREY ON THE GOD-FEARING POPULACE!



WHEN WILL THEY LET ME BE A REAL DETECTIVE AGAIN—SHOOTING EVIL-DOERS, PUTTING THOSE BIG, CIRCULAR BULLET HOLES IN THEIR FOREHEADS?



THEY'VE ROBBED ME OF MY SELF-EXPRESSION. I'M IMPOTENT. EMASCULATED BY THE DO-GOODERS AND LIBERTARIANS!



IF I COULD FIND A NEW ARENA WHERE THE COURTS CAN'T INTERFERE WITH JUSTICE, I'D LEAVE THE FORCE. BUT WHERE COULD I GO, JUNIOR? WHERE?



BLONDIE

HERE WE SIT IN MIDDLE AMERICA, HAVING MANAGED TO AVOID EVERY SOCIAL ISSUE OF THE PAST 40 YEARS.



NO MENTION OF VIETNAM HAS PASSED OUR LIPS. WE'VE IGNORED CIVIL RIGHTS, THE POPULATION EXPLOSION, POLLUTION, RALPH NADER, BETTY FRIEDAN, BOBBY SEALE.



WHILE OUR CITIES CRUMBLE AROUND US, I STILL RUN FOR MY BUS. WHILE OUR NATURAL RESOURCES ARE BEING EXHAUSTED, I ARGUE WITH HERB WOODLEY ABOUT THE RETURN OF MY LAWN MOWER.



OUR LIFE, AS SHAKESPEARE SAID, "CREEPS IN THIS PETTY PACE FROM DAY TO DAY." THERE MUST BE SOME SOCIAL ISSUE THAT'S RELEVANT TO OUR LIVES.



BEETLE BAILEY

SORRY
I WAS
LATE FOR
MORNING
FORMATION,
SARGE.

I NEVER
JUDGE A MAN
BY HIS MISTAKES,
BEETLE. SUCH
AN ATTITUDE
WOULD HELP
NEITHER OF US.



DO I
HAVE
TO BE
ON
GUARD
DUTY,
SARGE?

FROM ANYONE'S
POINT OF VIEW,
IT'S AN UNREWARDING
CHORE, COSMO.
I CAN ONLY BEG
YOUR FOREBEARANCE
IN WHAT MUST SEEM
AN UNPLEASANT
TASK.



SORRY
I LOST
MY RIFLE,
SARGE.

LIFE IS FRAUGHT
WITH ACCIDENTS,
WHICH NO MAN
CAN FORESEE,
ZERO. IF WE
WERE PERFECT,
WE WOULDN'T
BE HUMAN,
WOULD WE?



GOD, I HATE
THE NEW ARMY.



LI'L ABNER

AH GOT THIS HYAR
LETTUH FROM THE
DOGPATH WIMMIN'S
LIBERASHUN
ORGANIZASHUN,



THEY SAY IT'S TIME
TO ASSERT OUR
NATURAL INDEPENDENCE,
AN' FIGHT FUR EQUALITEE
IN THE HOME.



THEY SAY WE MUST
STOMP OUT DOMESTICK
MIZZURY AN'
ERRADICATE ALL SORTS
OF SUB-SUR-VIANCE.



THEY'RE
HOLDIN'
A BIG
MEETIN'
TONIGHT
AT THE
TOWN HALL.



DONALD DUCK

I KNOW I GET INTO
TROUBLE, BUT THAT'S
BECAUSE I'M
MISUNDERSTOOD.



BUT HASN'T THIS BEEN
THE CASE WITH ALL GREAT
MEN? GALILEO WAS
MISUNDERSTOOD. ARISTOTLE
AND MICHELANGELO AND
COLUMBUS WERE
MISUNDERSTOOD.



WHICH IS WHY I ASK
MYSELF -- WHY AREN'T
I COMPARED TO THESE
MEN OF GREATNESS
AND VISION?



THEY WEREN'T
TALKING DUCKS,
WALKING AROUND
BARE-ASSED IN
A SAILOR SUIT!



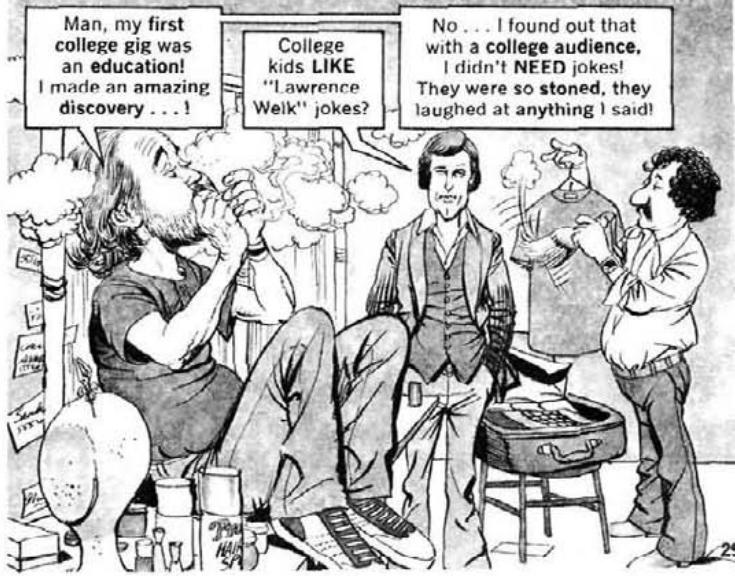
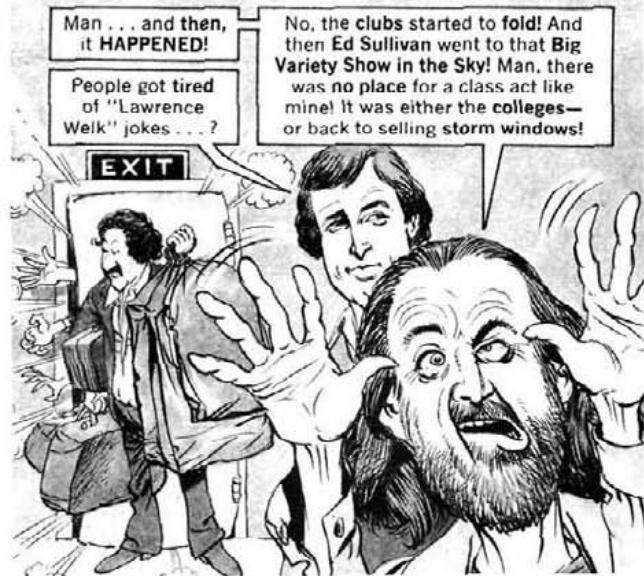
Hi! I'm Chivy Chaste and you're not! I'll bet you're wondering what a superstar like me is doing here! Well, after my last TV comedy special . . . and it may very well be my last —ha-ha . . . N.B.C. felt that maybe my talent lies in a different direction, like doing interviews! Who knows? If I do good on this assignment for MAD, I might become the male Barbara Walters . . . or, as I used to refer to her on Saturday Night . . . Babwa Wawa! But seriously, folks, I'm here to interview Mr. Cool Carnal, who has been designated as . . .

MAD'S COLLEGE CONCERT COMIC OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



So I turned in my tux
for blue jeans and a
tee shirt, grew a beard,
got myself a new hair
style, and the rest is
history! Man, those
kids really dig me!

In other
words,
they
got
your
message!

Man . . . I
ain't got no
message! I'm
disgusting!
DIS-GUST-
ING!! That's
my message!!

Yeah . . . he's
disgusting . . .
but funny!!
Here, look at
these record
albums! They'll
KILL yuh!

CARNAL GOES TO THE
HEAD OF THE CLASS

Recorded Live At
Hofstra University

Cool Carnal
THE MEXICAN
"SCAT" DANCE

Cool Carnal
HELP! MY BARE BAG
IS LEAKING!!

Cool Carnal
ME AND MY
FOUL MOUTH

That's
"MONdale!"

Whatever!
But they
flip over my
Billy Carter
shticks!

Do your
Billy
Carter
Nose Bit!
Ha-ha!
I'm
laughing
already!

Cool, besides
"Bathroom
Humor," what
else makes the
kids laugh? Do
they go for
"Sex Humor"?

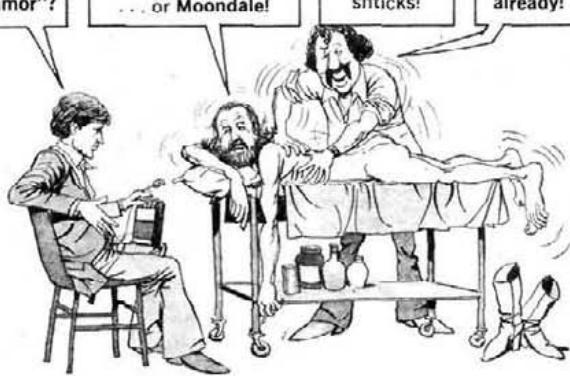
No way, Man!
Sex is OUT!

You mean col-
lege students
aren't inter-
ested in sex?

Sure, they dig sex! But
they aren't HUNG UP on
it like their parents!
I mean, these kids don't
have to READ about it
or JOKE about it! Man
... they DO IT!!

Are
young
people
today
turned
off by
"Political
Humor"?

No, these kids are
into the political
scene! I mean, they
just don't dig the
HEAVYWEIGHT stuff
... like Kissinger
... or Moondale!



You know how
Billy Carter
gets "high"?
Man, he grabs
a six-pack
and climbs
up to Amy's
treehouse!

I'm only kidding!
Billy really gets
it on by sniffing
peanuts! Man . . .
that's a groovy
high—sniff-sniff!
But there's only
one problem . . .

You sniff
too hard—
and one
of them
goobers is
gonna get
stuck up
your nose!

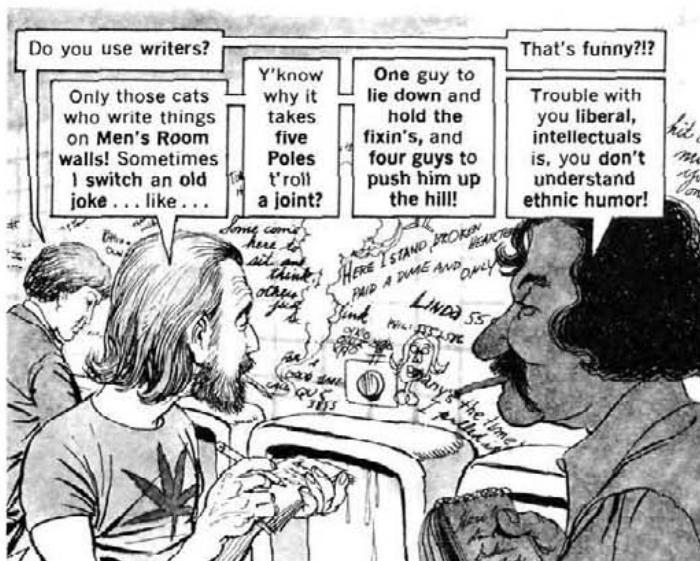
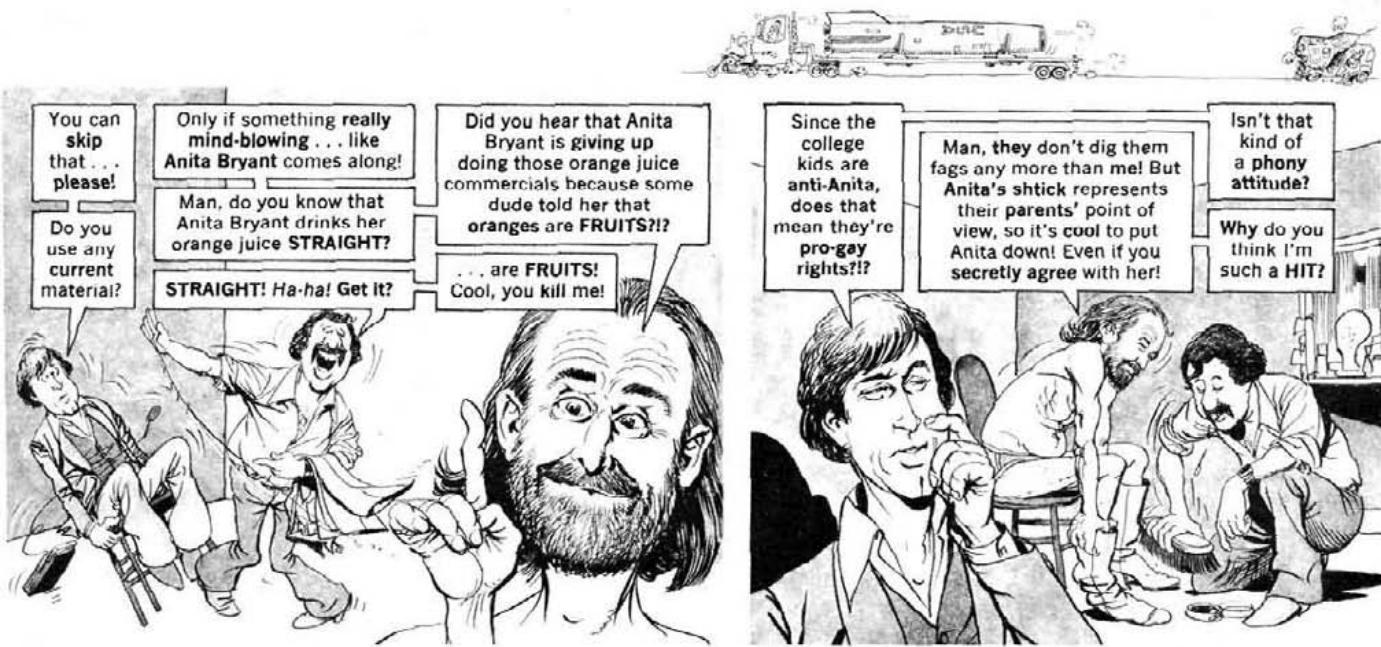
Ha-ha! Isn't he
fantastic! You
dig how cleverly
he works in the
"Finger Up The
Nose" bit! That's
what he's most
famous for!!

Sometimes, when I
play them egghead
"Ivory League"
schools, I go into
more sophisticated
political stuff
... like . . .

Did y'hear about
Jimmy's new
energy program?
He wants everybody
to put Castor Oil
in their car so
it'll GO faster!

Tell 'im
about your
"Bean-Eating
Contest" to
relieve the
natural gas
shortage!!





My Old Man used to tell me that everybody who smoked grass would end up as a junkie!!

If he was right . . . then we got some pretty big cats who are junkies!

Like, when they elect a new Pope, what do you think that little white puff of smoke is?!!

Fantastic! He just put down parents and the Church in the same bit!

He'd better not use that gag when he plays a Jesuit School!



I'll tell you one thing, Man! When you turn on with pot, you get a clean high! You don't barf all over your Pumas!

G-A-A-C-C-C-K!
Ever see a Martini drinker when he's high?
G-A-A-C-C-C-K!

Hah! I'm getting sick to my stomach from laughing!

I'm feeling a little ill, too . . . but it's not from laughing!!



Sir, as a member of the Faculty, what do you think of the students' taste in comedy . . . ?

You call this "comedy"?!? I never thought I'd get nostalgic for the good old days of campus riots! But after seeing our kids break up over this schmuck, I'd welcome a real old-fashioned campus protest!

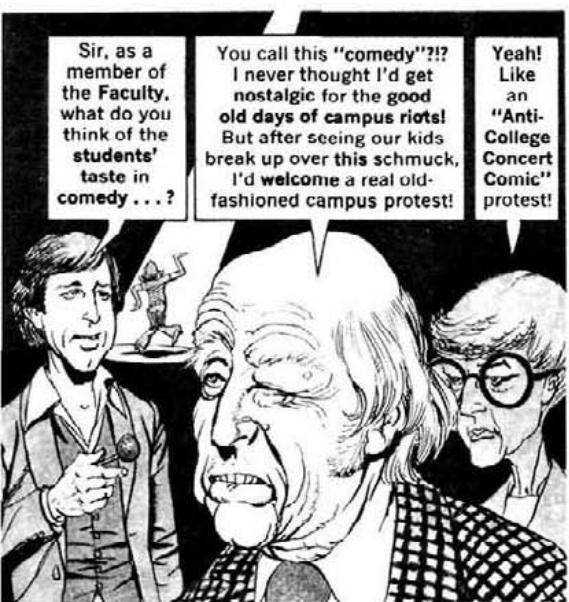
Yeah! Like an "Anti-College Concert Comic" protest!

I notice you're not laughing very much!

That's because I'm not tripping! Man, I'll never come to one of these again unless I'm bombed out of my skull!

I'd like to leave you with one word! B-U-R-R-R-P! That feels good! I'll say it again! B-U-R-R-R-P!

Oh, God, he's a riot! So how come when I do that, you say I'm DISGUSTING?!



Well . . . thanks a lot for the interview, Mr. Carnal!

Hey, Man, don't split now! It's only the intermission! I'm just starting to roll!

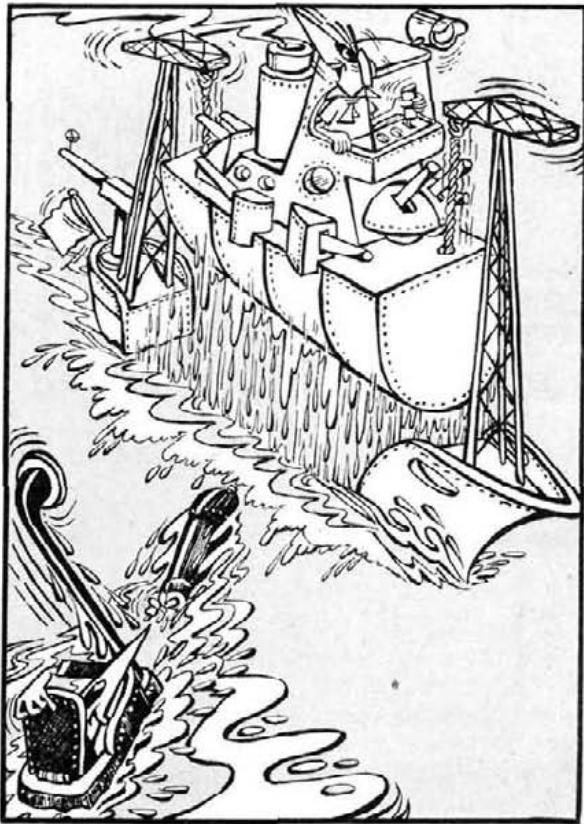
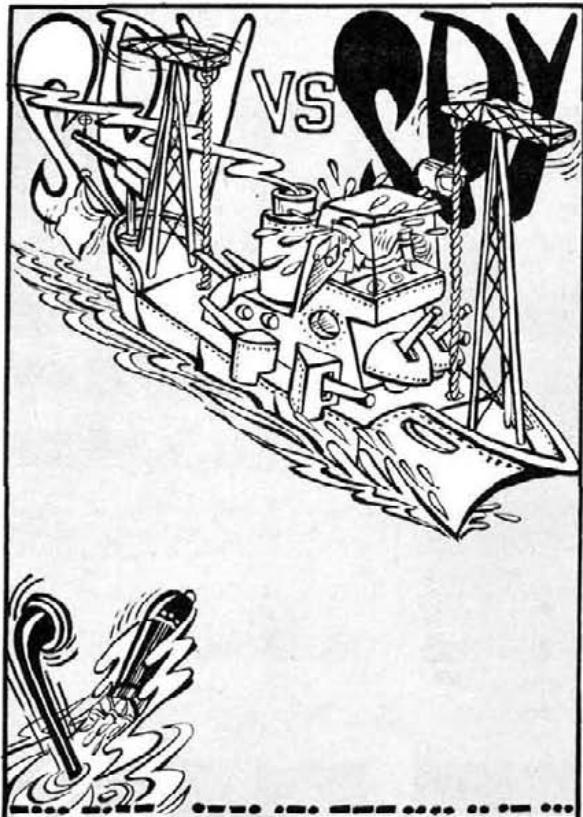
Sorry, but I've got to see my agent about getting me these college bookings!

If they can laugh at the crap YOU do, they'll get hysterical over MY stuff . . . like when I spill water on my pants . . .

. . . or when I fall down . . . or my "Jerry Ford Bumping His Head" bit!

This is Chivy Chaste, turning you back to MAD Maga . . . OOOPS!!







YOU BET YOUR LIFE DEPT.

Gambling is stupid! "No," you say? You wanna bet?! Okay, go ahead and gamble... but know the odds. Because knowing the odds is necessary if you're gonna gamble

THE MAD BO

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

IT'S 3 TO 1...



... when you get stuck in traffic,
you'll have to go to the bathroom.

IT'S 7 TO 5...



... you'll get a whole new cluster of
pimples the day of the Senior Prom.

IT'S 2 TO 1...



... your nose will start to run
when you don't have a handkerchief.

IT'S 5 TO 1...



... that when you get a Summer job,
your Mother will come into the store
every day to see how you're doing.

IT'S 3 TO 2...



... that the morning you have
an important job interview,
your alarm will fail to go off.

IT'S 8 TO 5...



... you'll finish an exam in record time,
only to find out later that there were 13
questions on the last page you didn't see.

IT'S 4 TO 3...



... your finger will slip just
as you dial the last number of
a long distance telephone call.

IT'S 5 TO 3...



... on the first day of your family vacation,
your Mother and Father will have an
argument, and then fight the entire trip.

IT'S 5 TO 2...



... when you're selected to lead the
assembly in "The Pledge Of Allegiance"
you'll discover later your fly was open.

and win. And that means not only the odds on horse races and ballgames, but on life's everyday situations as well. To help you in this important area, here is...



BOOK OF ODDS

WRITER: STAN HART

IT'S 3 TO 1 ...



... that the next time you have a blind date, you'll be disappointed.

AND IT'S EVEN MONEY...



... your date will be disappointed.

IT'S 3 TO 2 ...



... it'll rain on your overnight hike.

IT'S 3 TO 1 ...



... while trying to impress your pretty tennis partner, you'll hit her in the back of her head with your first serve.

IT'S 2½ TO 1 ...



... whenever you try to hail a cab to impress your date, you'll have ugly sweat stains under your arms.

IT'S 4 TO 1 ...



... your Mother will take a "terribly important" telephone message for you but she can't remember who it's from.

IT'S 4 TO 3 ...



... your date's old man is asleep when you go out, but awake when you return.

IT'S 3 TO 2 ...



... the worst picture ever taken of you will be in your School Year Book.

IT'S 6 TO 5 ...



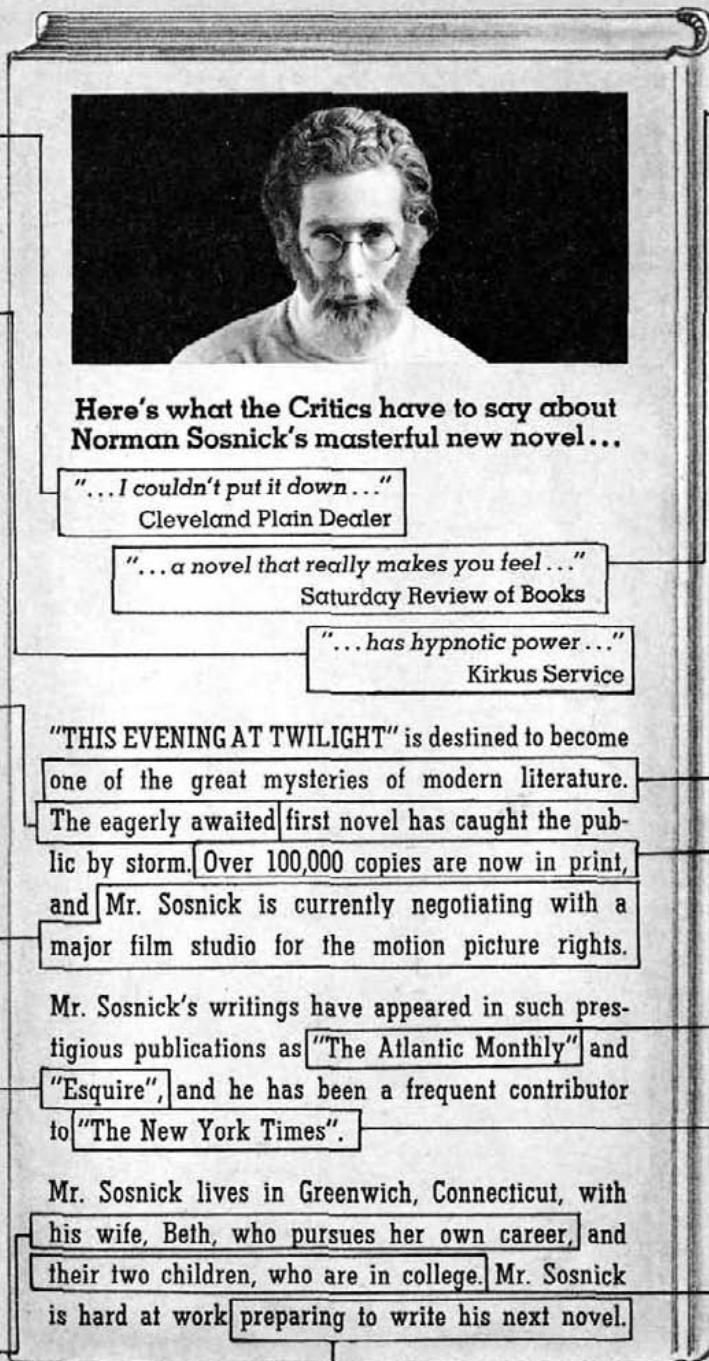
... when you go to the bathroom in your date's house, the toilet doesn't work.

HIDDEN MEANIES DEPT.

So you believe everything you read, eh? Well, if you do, you're a dummy (and *that* you can believe!). Because what is most important about what is said in print is what is NOT said! Got that? No? Well, maybe with these examples, we here at MAD can teach you clods

How To Read

A BOOK JACKET



THE ACTUAL QUOTE
WAS, "I COULDN'T
PUT IT DOWN
FAST ENOUGH!"

THE HYPNOTIC POWER
OF THE BOOK IS
THE POWER TO PUT
YOU TO SLEEP!

IT WAS EAGERLY
AWAITED BY THE
PUBLISHER BE-
CAUSE SOSNICK
TOOK THE \$2500
ADVANCE AND
PARTIED IN MEXICO
FOR SIX MONTHS!

THE NEGOTIATIONS
ARE VERY HEATED.
MR. SOSNICK WANTS
THEM TO BUY IT AND
THE STUDIO DOESN'T!

ESQUIRE ONCE
PRINTED HIS "LETTER
TO THE EDITOR" COM-
PLAINING THAT THERE
WEREN'T ENOUGH
DIRTY PICTURES
IN THE MAGAZINE!

SHE HAS TO WORK
AS A WAITRESS
BECAUSE MR. SOSNICK
IS UNEMPLOYABLE!

THE BOOK MADE
THE REVIEWER
FEEL..."NAUSEOUS."

WHATEVER
COMPELLED THE
PUBLISHER TO
PUT OUT SUCH A
PIECE OF CRAP
IS A MYSTERY!

100,000 COPIES
WERE PRINTED,
AND 99,992 ARE
STILL SITTING
ON BOOK
STORE SHELVES!

HE ONCE HAD A
"WANT AD"
PRINTED IN THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
TRYING TO SELL HIS
TWO-SPEED BIKE!

HE CONTRIBUTES
\$2.00 TO THE
NEW YORK TIMES
"SEND A KID TO
CAMP" FUND
EACH YEAR!

THE KIDS ARE
IN COLLEGE
BUT THEY
HAVEN'T TOLD
SOSNICK
WHICH ONE
BECAUSE THEY
DON'T WANT
ANYTHING TO
DO WITH THE
OLD BORE!

HE'S TRYING TO GET HIS
FAVORITE CRAYON SHARPENED!



And Between The Lines

WRITER: STAN HART

A CAMP BROCHURE

THAT'S INDIAN FOR
"ABE SHAPIRO
AND HIS COUSIN
OWN 51% OF THE
BUSINESS"!

HE WAS ONCE
KNOWN AS
JIM GRABOWSKY,
WHO WAS THROWN
OUT OF THE NFL
FOR FONDLING
A WATERBOY!

DURING THE GREAT
FAMINE OF 1878!

WHERE ANY GIRL WHO
LOOKS LIKE ANYTHING
IS IMMEDIATELY
GLOMMED BY A
COUNSELOR OR JC!

THEY'RE HAPPY BE-
CAUSE THEY LOVE
TO PICK ON YOU,
FRENCH YOUR BED
AND NAIL YOUR
SHOES TO THE FLOOR!

SHE'S REGISTERED IN
NEW YORK CITY AS
A DEADLY WEAPON!

AND NEVER FORGIVE
YOU FOR IT, EITHER!

CAMP ARAMAPOOPOO

Nestled high on a lush mountain in Pennsylvania, Camp Aramapoopoo offers a carefree active summer for your child. Our camp has long been famous for its well-rounded program of athletics, supervised by Uncle Bulljock, a former professional athlete.



Situated on picturesque Lake Wappencheecheeglopp, Camp Aramapoopoo features movies every Saturday, food just like the Indians once ate, and social dances with its sister camp, Camp Yippeedoodoo. Camp Aramapoopoo is a friendly place, filled with happy campers living in comfortable modern bunks. The food is tastefully prepared by our Master Chef, and your child's health needs are supervised by Aunt Ilsa, who is a Registered Nurse.

Send your child to Camp Aramapoopoo, and he will never forget you for it.

A MOUNTAIN OF
SMOLDERING
COAL SLAG.

THE COUNSELORS
ARE WELL-ROUNDED
EACH BEING FROM
20 TO 50 POUNDS
OVERWEIGHT.

THAT'S INDIAN
FOR "THE LAKE
THAT DIED FROM
DOODY"!

IT'S THE SAME
MOVIE ALL
SEASON LONG:
"THE EXCITEMENT
OF LEATHERCRAFT"!

FORMER MIGRANT
WORKER SHACKS
THAT WERE
CONDENMED BY
THE DEPARTMENT
OF AGRICULTURE!

A SANITATION
WORKER! IN
WINTER HE
MAKES PICKUPS...
IN SUMMER
HE MAKES—
DELIVERIES!

SO GOOD THAT NO ONE IN THE FIRM COULD THINK OF A SON OR A NEPHEW TO TAKE THIS COCKAMAMIE JOB, SO THEY RAN AN AD IN THE PAPER TO CATCH A SUCKER.

WHICH MEANS IF YOU REALLY MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION, YOU GET THE MINIMUM WAGE!

YOUR FIRST LESSON WILL COME WHEN YOU TRY TO COLLECT YOUR PAY CHECK AT THE END OF THE WEEK!

A WANT AD

BUSINESS TRAINEE

Excellent opportunity for a bright young person willing to start at the very bottom.

No experience is necessary. Just ambition and a strong desire to get the job done.

Salary open. Our office is convenient to transportation.

Chance to learn the exciting field of finance awaits the person who can fill the bill.

Call in AM for appointment.

555-0809

BY THE AFTERNOON,
THE ENTIRE
BUSINESS MAY HAVE
DISAPPEARED!

AND STAY THERE!

THEY NEED A DUMMY WHO CAN'T COMPARE THIS LOLISY JOB TO ANYTHING HE'S HAD!

THIS JOB IS ANYTHING THE BOSS WANTS YOU TO DO FROM CLEANING TOILETS TO DRIVING HIS WIFE DOWNTOWN!

RIGHT NEXT TO THE SANTA FE R.R. STOCK YARDS. IT'S CONVENIENT IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE A HEAD OF CATTLE!

A WEDDING INVITATION

Mr. and Mrs. Duane Fairfax take great pleasure in announcing the wedding of their daughter Melanie Beth

to Mr. Elliot Weemsborough

on

October 24th, 1977

at

St. Czonka Church

A reception will follow

at

Pierre Française Manor

R. S. V. P.

A SKATEBOARD WARRANTY

THIS MEANS YOU MUST KEEP THE RECEIPT FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! ALSO, IF YOUR PARENTS BOUGHT THE SKATEBOARD FOR YOU, IT IS ACTUALLY THEIR SKATEBOARD, NOT YOURS. AND THE COMPANY CAN NOT TAKE ANY RESPONSIBILITY FOR SKATEBOARDS LOANED TO OTHER PEOPLE!

THE SKATEBOARD CAN ONLY BE CLASSIFIED AS NOT FUNCTIONING IF 3 OR MORE WHEELS FAIL TO ROTATE, OR 3 OR MORE WHEELS HAVE FALLEN OFF ENTIRELY!

IT WILL COST YOU FOUR BUCKS TO MAIL THE THING BACK TO THE MANUFACTURER!



GONIFF SKATEBOARD LIFETIME WARRANTY

This Warranty is in effect as long as you own your Goniff Skateboard.

It covers any defective parts, or any parts that may become defective from normal wear and tear.

If the skateboard fails to function, return it along with this Warranty

to: The Goniff Skateboard Company
Rte. 6 South, Secaucus, New Jersey.

(Allow five weeks for servicing)

YOU MAY THINK THAT IF A SKATEBOARD BREAKS WHEN YOU STAND ON IT, IT IS DEFECTIVE, BUT THE MANUFACTURER WILL NOT! AND WHO KNOWS SKATEBOARDS BETTER THAN THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEM.

NORMAL WEAR AND TEAR MEANS RIDING ON IT ONLY IN A STRAIGHT LINE ON SOFT CARPETING, KEEPING IT AT ROOM TEMPERATURE AND LUBRICATING IT TWICE DAILY WITH IMPORTED TIBETAN YAK OIL!

ONCE YOU SEND THEM THE WARRANTY, YOU NO LONGER HAVE IT,,, DO YOU?

WHAT KID CAN GO FIVE WEEKS WITHOUT HIS SKATEBOARD?! YOU KNOW YOU'LL DRIVE YOUR FOLKS CRAZY TO BUY ANOTHER ONE IN THREE DAYS! SO WHEN THE MANUFACTURER DOESN'T RETURN YOUR OLD ONE, YOU WON'T EVEN NOTICE BECAUSE YOU'LL HAVE BOUGHT A NEW ONE!

A YEARBOOK ENTRY



GREAT PLEASURE?? THEY'RE THRILLED BEYOND BELIEF THAT THEIR DAUGHTER, WHO HAS BEEN LIVING IN SIN FOR TWO YEARS IS FINALLY LEGALIZING IT!

THE KIDS HAVE WRITTEN THEIR OWN CEREMONY CONSISTING OF CHANTING DAVID BOWIE'S LATEST HIT SINGLE AND SWAPPING ROACH TEE SHIRTS!

THIS IS THE FIRST AND PROBABLY THE LAST TIME THE FAIRFAX'S WILL REFER TO ELLIOT AS "MISTER"! THEY USUALLY CALL HIM "THAT PERVERT"!

THIS WILL GIVE THEM SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE THE BABY COMES! THE FAIRFAX'S PRAY THAT THEIR FRIENDS EITHER FORGET THE DATE, OR CAN'T COUNT!

ST. CZONKA CHURCH WAS THE KID'S IDEA! IT'S LOCATED IN A TREE!

THIS MEANS "PLEASE TELL US YOU CAN'T COME SO WE CAN SAVE MONEY, BUT SEND A WEDDING GIFT ANYWAY!"

DORA SHICKSA

One of the most popular gals among the faculty at Finster High is Dora Shicksa. Nick-named "Bunny" because of the cute way her nose moves whenever she laughs, Dora has beauties aplenty, including star quarterback Rick Brock. Some of Dora's extra-curricular activities include the Drama Club, where she won attention for her memorable performance in "Oklahoma," and the Camera Club, where her pictures have won her an enthusiastic following. Writing is Dora's hobby, and she's real good at it, too. When she graduates, she wants to go to U.C.L.A., where she plans to study Anatomy. Dora's favorite motto is, "in God We Trust."

SHE PUTS OUT FOR TEACHERS!

HER NOSE DOESN'T BUDGE! SHE'S CALLED "BUNNY" FOR MORE OBVIOUS REASONS!

WHO GOES OUT WITH HER ONLY AFTER HE FAILS TO SCORE WITH GLORIA EPPS, HIS STEADY GIRLFRIEND!

SHE WAS IN THE CHORUS, BUT WON ATTENTION WHEN SHE HIGH-KICKED WITHOUT WEARING ANY PANTIES!

SHE POSES IN THE NUDE!

SHE WROTE THE FAMOUS GRAFFITI IN THE PHONE BOOTH: "WANT ACTION--CALL DORA-555-3421"!

NOT IN THE CLASSROOM--IN THE CO-ED DORM!

WHICH MEANS SHE SOMETIMES FORGETS TO TAKE THE PILL!

A CHARITY LETTER

IT COSTS 45¢ TO PRINT STUFF AND MAIL EACH OF THESE BEGGING LETTERS!

WE NEED IT TO AT LEAST BREAK EVEN ON THIS EXPENSIVE CAMPAIGN!

BUT ONLY A SECOND! IF YOU THINK ANY LONGER, YOU'LL REALIZE THAT THIS IS JUST ANOTHER SLICK HYPE JOB!

SOME PEOPLE ARE LUCKY!

YOU'RE NOT! ACTUALLY YOU'RE HELPING THE FUND RAISER WHO GETS A HUGE PERCENTAGE OF THE TAKE...PLUS HIS EXPENSES WHICH LEAVES ABOUT 3 CENTS ON EVERY DOLLAR FOR THE SCHOOL.

San Fernando School Of Podiatry

Box 2295 New York, N.Y. 10095

Dear Sir:

Today, it costs a great deal of money to run a school!

To put it frankly, we need money... a lot of money!

Think for a second! What if--God forbid--someone in your family, some loved one, should suddenly need a Podiatrist in the middle of the night, and there is no one to call--It could happen...

because there simply are not enough Podiatrists to go around, leaving many people without their services.

The San Fernando School of Podiatry trains young people and helps them get their degrees so they can go out into their communities.

So when you contribute, don't think that you're just helping a school! You may be helping yourself!

Thank you,
Roscoe Knipe
Roscoe Knipe, Dean

A "FAMILY MEMBER" AND A "LOVED ONE" ARE NOT NECESSARILY THE SAME THING. THIS APPEAL IS TO THE GUY WHO FOOLS AROUND AS WELL AS TO THE SOLID FAMILY MAN!

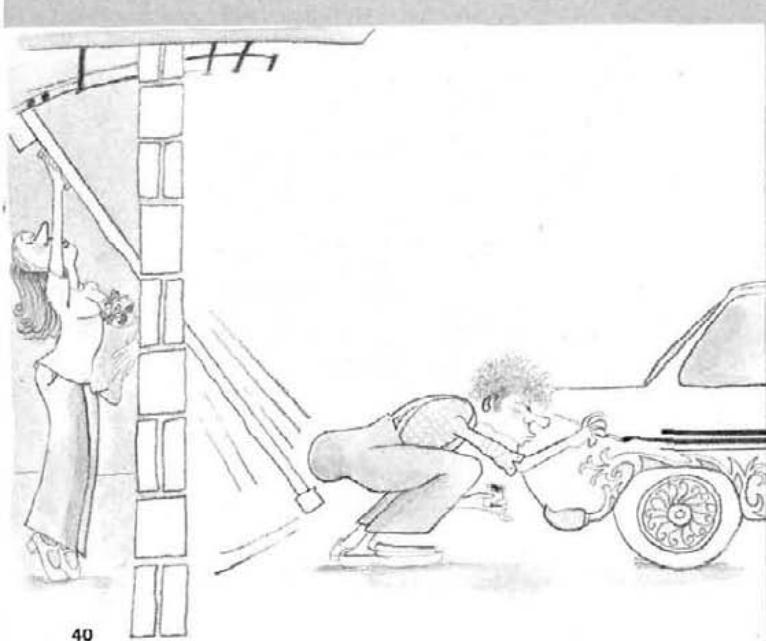
CALL YOUR OLD AUNT! SHE'LL PROBABLY HELP YOU AS MUCH, AND IT WON'T COST YOU \$50!

AND GOLF ON COMMUNITY COURSES, AND DRIVE THEIR ROLLS ROYCES ON COMMUNITY ROADS, AND SAIL THEIR BIG BOATS ON COMMUNITY LAKES!

P.S. EVEN IF YOU DON'T CONTRIBUTE, PLEASE KEEP THE ATTRACTIVE KEY CHAIN AS A GIFT FROM A FRIEND!

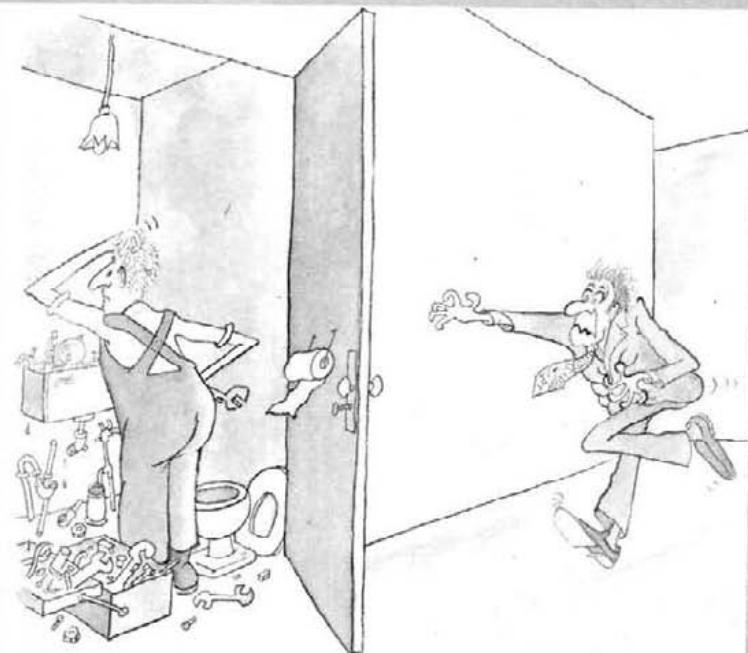
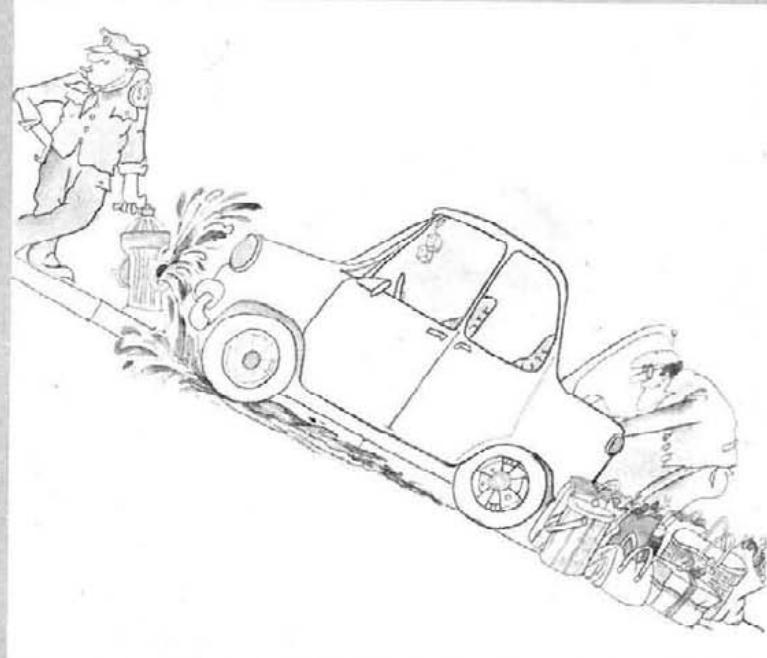
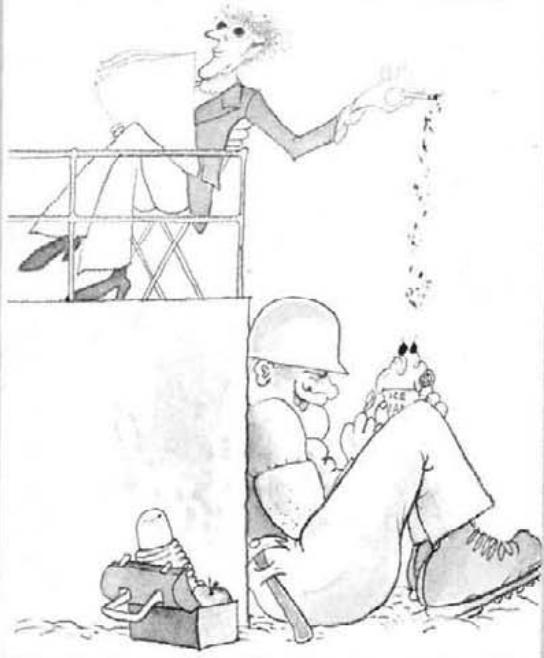
ZINGS TO COME DEPT.

A MAD LOO Moment Before

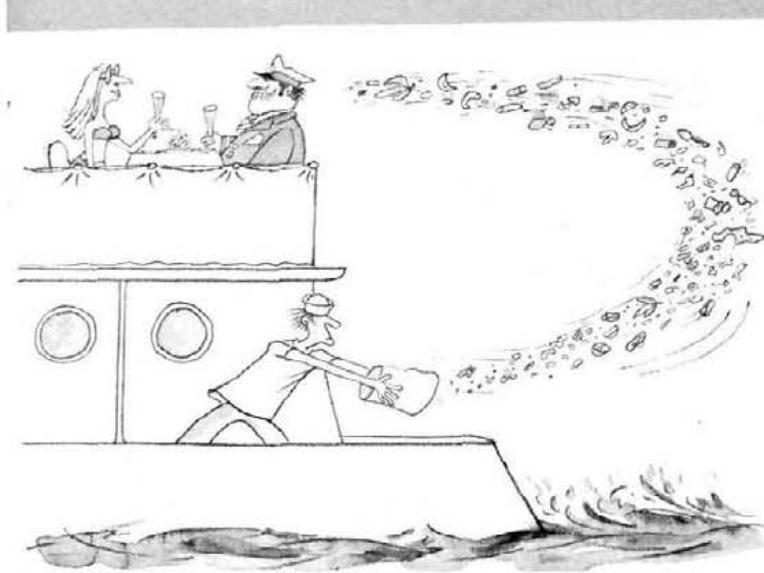
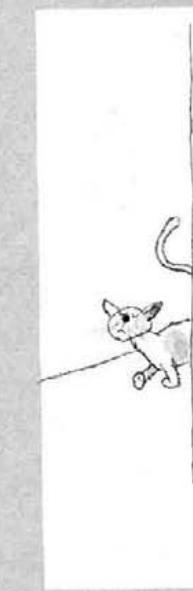
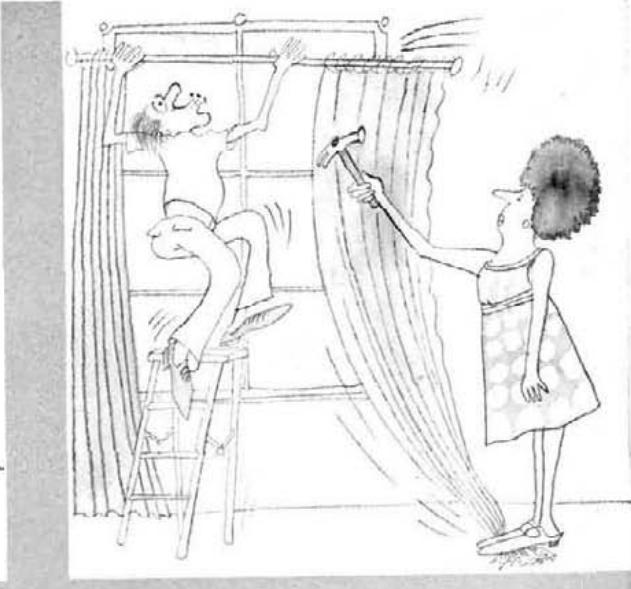


KAT THE The Disaster

ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



PORGES



SWEETNESS COUNTS DEPT.

Wow! Look at those clouds!

You mean look at those clouds . . . !!

No . . . I mean look at those CLOUDS! It's . . .

THE DUMMY & MAREEK SHOW

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Naturally, with the amount of talent Dummy and I have, we don't have to count on big-name guest stars to pull in the audience . . .

So tonight's minor guest stars are: Frank Sinatra . . . Jimmy Carter . . . Johnny Carson . . . Pope Paul . . . and The Queen of England!

And now, ladies and gentlemen . . . our famous "Ice Angles"!

How do they skate like that???

It's simple! They just tilt the camera!!



Skating on ice that's on an angle like this is just MURDER!

You'd think the Producer would come up with the idea of just tilting the camera!

Ladies and gentlemen, the Captain has just informed me that we're about to be struck by a tidal wave!

A tidal wave? At 30,000 feet?!

Talk about SURF'S UP!!

I'd rather die right now! So, serve me some airline food!!

WOW! LOOK WHAT'S COMING UP NEXT!
(Besides Your Dinner, That Is!)
A DUMMY AND MAREEK COMEDY SKETCH!
(This is the only clue you get!)

Is this supposed to be a take-off of the movie, "AIRPORT"???

If it is . . . they have a long way to go! "Airport" was much funnier!!

And now folks . . . some REAL ENTERTAINMENT . . .

Here come the COMMERCIALS!!

Well we're back, folks! And this is the spot in the show where I sometimes make Mareek laugh!

And other times, I make Dummy laugh!

Just ONCE, I wish they'd make US laugh!



I guess my taste is just a little bit hicks-ville!

And my taste runs a bit toward city slicks-ville!

But we've learned it's the perfect kind of blend-ex;

For scoring high with Nielsen and with Trendex;

'Cause ratings, folks, are where it's at...

And it really doesn't matter that...

These songs will always make you a little bit SICKS-VILLE!



As you can tell from that lyric, this is the portion of the show where each week, I sing the country songs and Dummy sings the big city songs!

Well . . . since we've been doing this same old routine for years and years, we went to the Producers of the show and we were really mean and nasty to them!

We said things like "Gosh!" and "Pretty please!!" And we even went as far as "Shucks, Mr. Producer, can't we do something DIFFERENT after all these years?" And by golly, we got our way!!

That's right! so, next week, I sing the country songs, and Mareek sings the big city songs!



NEXT ON YOUR SCREEN:
Another Comedy Sketch!
(This will be your only warning!)

Ladies and gentlemen . . . the Captain has just informed me that we are about to have a collision with an airplane!

With an airplane? At SEA LEVEL???

Talk about SURF'S UP!!

I'd rather die right now! So—serve me some shipboard food!



Isn't this exactly like the other unfunny comedy sketch???

Only the unfunny jokes are the same! It's a totally different set!

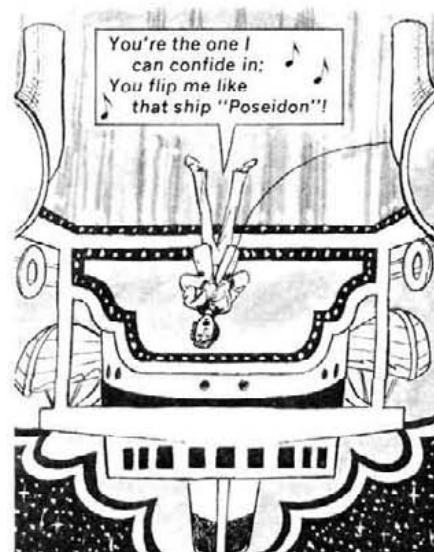
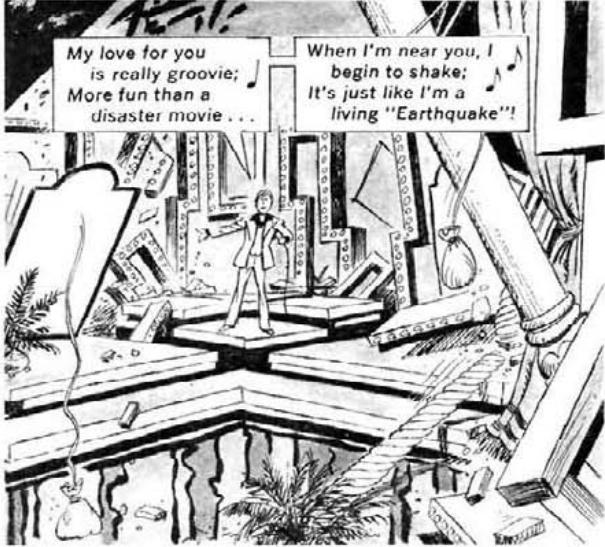


I'm sure, at this point, you're probably saying to each other, "Gosh, but Dummy and Mareek have been so wonderful, with their skating and their singing and their jokes and their acting and their playing musical instruments . . . but now, how about a little ENTERTAINMENT?!" Well, Dummy and Mareek Osmundane are not going to monopolize the entire hour! No sir! And so, ladies and gentlemen, welcome JAKE Osmundane . . .

. . . And pay attention to the subtle production we give Jake's number . . . to take your attention away from his voice!!

My love for you is really groovie; More fun than a disaster movie . . .

When I'm near you, I begin to shake; It's just like I'm a living "Earthquake"!



As you know, on every show, we have a huge "theme" finale! In the past, we've had as our themes such dynamic subjects as Movies, Broadway, Circus, and like that! And then there were weeks when we had to resort to lesser "themes" like Air and Lint! Well . . . tonight's wild, wacky, way out "theme" is "TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION"!!

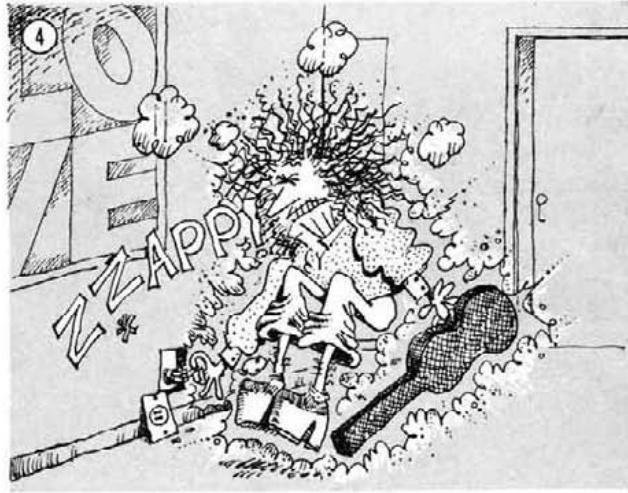
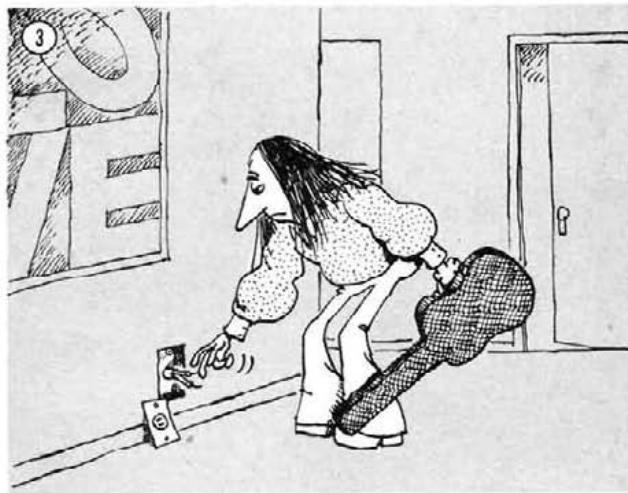
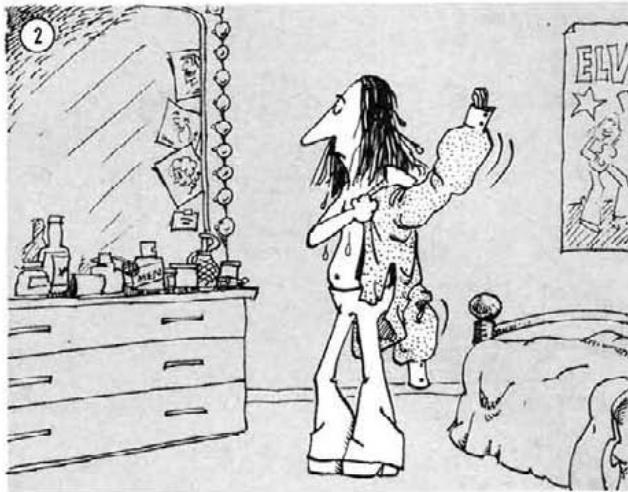




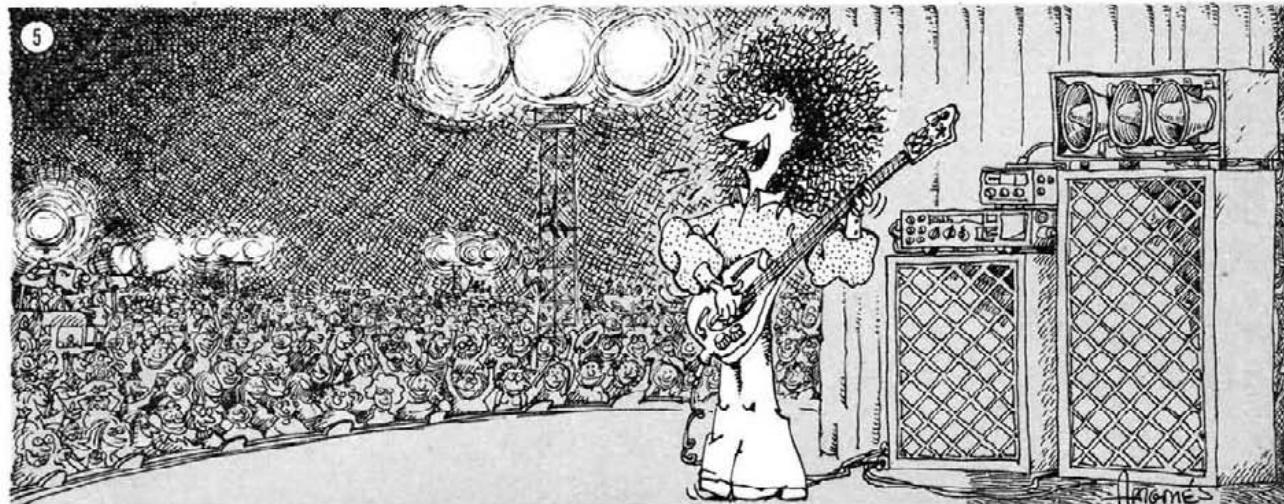
THE PRODUCERS WOULD LIKE TO THANK ALL THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THIS SHOW THE HIT IT IS! NO, NOT THE PROFESSIONALS WHO WORK ON THE SHOW . . . BUT THE IDIOTS WHO GIVE US THE LAUGHTER . . . THE SHILLS WHO GIVE US THOSE TONS OF EXTRA APPLAUSE . . . AND THE SUB-NORMALS OUT THERE WHO WATCH US AND GIVE US THOSE FANTASTIC RATINGS!!

SOCKET TO 'EM DEPT.

BEFORE THE ROCK CONCERT



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



**WHAT VOLATILE
INGREDIENTS—
NOW BEING
FORMULATED—
ARE SURE TO
CAUSE FUTURE
CATASTROPHES?**

**HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN**

It's always a mystery why human beings are constantly developing new formulas guaranteed to cause future disasters. To find out what one such formula is, fold in the page as shown at the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**RESPONSIBLE SCIENTISTS EVERYWHERE ARE
AFRAID THAT CHINESE, RUSSIAN, ARAB, OR AMERICAN
RADICALS WILL ACQUIRE DEADLY WEAPONS. A SPECIAL
POLICE FORCE IS NEEDED TO CONTROL THESE ENEMIES**

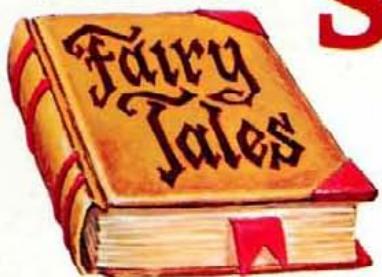
ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

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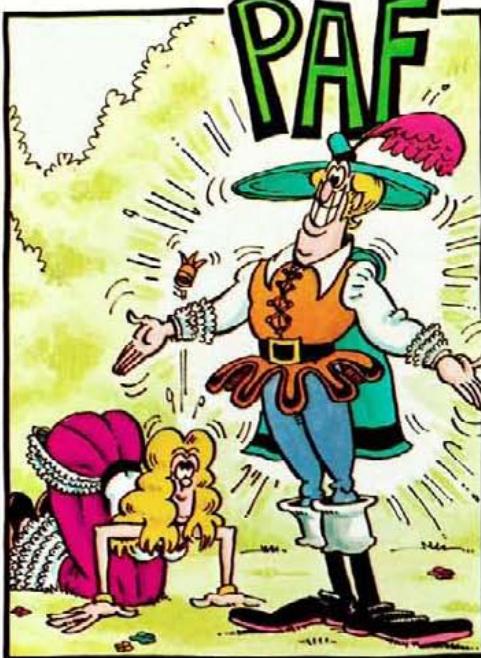
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MORE

SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE



(THE FROG PRINCE)



ARTIST: DON MARTIN

WRITER: AL JAFFEE



D.MARTIN